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HYMNS AND THOUGHTS
IN VERSE.





HYMNS

AND

THOUGHTS in VERSE.

By E. A. W.

With an Introduction,

BY THE

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

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INTRODUCTION.

LET every one sing the song which God has sent him into this world to sing; and let him sing it truly and well.

Let every one use the voice or lyre which God has given him; sure of this, that his own gifts are the best for the purpose which the Eternal Wisdom had in view.

Each seed contains its own leaf, and flower, and fragrance; not those of other seeds. Each seed, rightly sown and watched, brings forth the leaf, and flower, and fragrance, which were wrapped up in it by its Creator. No seed mistakes its nature or vocation, nor does one envy or despise its fellow. The date-stone gives the palm, and the small grey atom the grass of the meadow; each evolving its own nature, and content therewith; each, by keep-

ing to its own path, fulfilling its true vocation more nobly than by attempting to cross into another field and do another's work.

As each creature has its own corner to occupy, and each Christian his own work to do; so has each one a separate and special circle through which his influence extends. That circle may be larger or smaller, more or less important; still it is his own, and within it he can exert an influence and do a work which no one else can do, a work which otherwise must be left undone.

We are to shine as lights in the world; each one in his own way, in his own circle, and with his own beams. We are to shine with the quiet yet blessed consciousness,—a consciousness in which there need be no arrogance nor self-sufficiency,—that the world is less dark because we are here, and will be darker when we are gone. We are to speak, or write, or sing, with the consciousness that we are of some use to the world in so doing; and that it

is impossible for us, however obscure and low-gifted, to speak, or write, or sing in vain.

The poet does not sing for himself, but for others; it may be for his fellow men at large, or for the Church of God; it may be for his own age, or for ages to come. Yet he does not the less on that account enjoy his song or reap its benefits. Coleridge spoke in the name of many besides himself when he said, "poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

Milton has "sung his elaborate song to generations," and the effects of his poetry upon the world or upon the Church, are not such as can be measured. The peal that he rung out into the air of England two centuries ago, is still there, and still telling upon us. That

which he did on a great scale, hundreds since have been doing on a smaller. Each hymn that has gone out from the most obscure minstrel has done its work, if it has taken possession of the Church, and helped to mould, or strengthen, or comfort, or build up a saint. It might not contain "thoughts that breathe and words that burn;" it might be plain and unpoetic,—the mere utterance of intense spiritual feeling,—but it took hold of men's ears and hearts. They sang it; their children sang it after them; it wove itself into the texture of the age; it gave its tinge to the devotion of a century. Such is "Rock of Ages, cleft for me;" such is "Jesus, lover of my soul;" such is "Jesus, and shall it ever be?" They who wrote these lyrics, and threw them out like leaves upon the air to float away they knew not whither, were not aware of what they were doing; but they did a work that is to last. They are not upon the world's roll of poets, but they have struck out notes which have

taken hold upon the spiritual history of thousands, and contributed more than volumes of divinity to preserve faith alive, to kindle hope and love, and to infuse vitality into dead creeds, or warmth into frozen forms.

Let the reader accept this little volume as that of one who has spoken from her heart; who has sung her own song, in her own way, upon her own harp. Her poetic gift she has used for God, and consecrated to His praise. Again and again she has soothed herself and gladdened others with Christian song, in various pieces and fragments. Now she gathers them together in one, and commends them to the Church of God. They will, I am persuaded, be welcome to those who have already known them; and no less so to those to whom this book may for the first time introduce them.

Religious poetry is plentiful in our day, and is doing its work even by its very abundance. Perhaps in some cases it has too much of sen-

timent and too little of praise; too much of man, too little of God. But there can be no doubt that it is telling upon men's minds in all directions; and it is of no small importance that what is genuine and spiritual in it should be carefully sought and perpetuated. It will tell upon the next generation as well as ours. Our children and children's children will profit by each true song that we are singing now; therefore we say,—

“Dulcis sonet harmonia,
Dulci dignum memoria,
Pangamus præconium.
Sic cantatur laus in ore,
Ut concordat cum canore
Affectus psallentium.”

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

Kelso, October 15th, 1864.

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Love's Lesson.

Still in loving, still in loving, more than
being loved, is bliss ;

He who has no other pleasure ever may
rejoice in this.

Be it skill, or be it leisure, be it health we
have to give ;

Still in spending life for others Christians
only really live.

What in love we yield to others, by a
charm we still retain ;

For the loved one's acquisition is the lover's
double gain.

Yet we know in love's increasing is increase
of grief and care ;

For the pains of those around him, pained
the loving heart must bear.

Love and Sorrow walk together o'er the
sin-beclouded earth ;

Love and Sorrow sing together in the
country of our birth.

Wheresoever Sorrow wanders, Love should
go and raise her up :

At the many wells of Marah Love should
stoop and share the cup.

Let the careless seek their pleasure, give—
if e'er they give—their pelf ;

But the loving, truly loving, gives—and
loves to give—himself.

Happy if by his endeavour,—by his suffer-
ing, others gain :

If some comrade o'er his body may a
wished for height attain.

Secrets here of love and sorrow, if in meek-
ness we shall learn ;

Secrets soon of love and gladness we in
heaven shall discern.

'Mid the light, so all-pervading, of the spi-
rits' home above,
We shall learn the depth of meaning of the
saying, "God is love."

And transformèd to His likeness, we,—O
blessed thought,—shall be
Loved and loving ; loving, through a bright
eternity.

Home of the Conquerors.

Home of the conquerors! How bright,
How glorious are thy walls of light!
Through Christ may we admittance win,
And late or early enter in.

No clang of arms, no shouts, are there
Borne on the ever tranquil air;
No snares are spread, nor serpents fold,
Upon those shining paths of gold.

No hostile force is there descried;
No murmurs heard of hate or pride:
To all the storms that here may swell
The saints of heaven have bid farewell.

No painful memories and rude
Upon their perfect rest intrude;
All that is bitter here shall bear
The fruits of peace and glory there.

O joy! when all our fears and ill
Shall cease at Jesus' "Peace! be still!"
O joy! when, every conflict o'er,
We shall be righteous evermore.

Who can conceive, or who express,
The charms of perfect holiness?
The bliss of feeling beat within
A heart made free from every sin?

In some sweet hours of Sabbath peace
Our warfare here may seem to cease;
But soon expires the apparent truce,
And all our sin again breaks loose.

But *there*, as heaven's noon-day light
Will never fade away to night,
The glory of our spirits pure
Shall evermore undim'd endure.

Home of the conquerors! We press
Towards thy seats of happiness:
Through Christ our Lord we fight, we win;
And thy bright gates shall let us in!

Trust on!

Trust on! Trust on, believer!
Though long the conflict be,
Thou yet shalt prove victorious,—
Thy God shall fight for thee.

Trust on! Trust on! Thy failings
May bow thee to the dust,
Yet in thy deepest sorrow,
O give not up thy trust!

Trust on! The danger presses;
Temptation strong is near.
Over life's dangerous rapids,
Who shall thy passage steer?

O, Christ is strong to save us!
He is a faithful Friend!
Trust on! Trust on, thou Christian!
Trust Jesus to the end!

Only for Thee.

Precious Saviour, may I live

Only for Thee.

Spend the powers Thou dost give,

Only for Thee.

Be my spirit's deep desire

Only for Thee.

May my intellect aspire

Only for Thee.

In my joys may I rejoice

Only for Thee.

In my choices make my choice

Only for Thee.

Meekly may I suffer grief

Only for Thee.

Gratefully accept relief

Only for Thee.

Be my smiles and be my tears
Only for Thee.

Be my young and riper years
Only for Thee.

Be my singing and my sighing
Only for Thee.

Be my sickness and my dying
Only for Thee.

Be my rising, be my glory
Only for Thee.

Be my whole eternity
Only for Thee.

“The Time of the Dead shall Come.”

REV. xi. 18.

Silent and still are they lying now,
Silent and still in the sacred earth,
While the birds sing out from the yew's dark
bough, ·

And the children trip by in their thoughtless
mirth.

But the time of the dead shall come, shall
come!

They shall stir, they shall wake, they shall
rise!

The days, the years pass on! Pass on
Summer and winter with changeful hours:
Little they heed of the fast falling snow,
And they take no note of the opening flowers.

But the time of the dead shall come, shall
come!

They shall stir, they shall wake, they shall
rise!

On the land they love comes weal, comes woe,
Sweet hours of peace, or war's rude alarms:
But the patriot's heart lies still below;
And he leaps not up at the shout—"To arms!"
But the time of the dead shall come, shall
come!

They shall stir, they shall wake, they shall
rise!

They lay down the wife at her husband's side,
And one by one, round them, their children
sweet:

In life-time each other's treasure and pride,
Coldly and greetingless now they must meet.
But the time of the dead shall come, shall
come!

They shall stir, they shall wake, they shall
rise!

Yes! The time of the dead shall come! Shall
come

When Jesus appears in the rending skies!

No longer quiet, and cold, and dumb,

They shall hear His voice, they shall wake
and rise!

Yes! the time of the dead shall come, shall
come!

They shall stir, they shall wake, they shall
rise!

O, when I am laid with the silent and dead,
May my spirit with Jesus its sojourn be
making:

Joyfully then shall I lift up my head,

In the solemn day of the final awaking.

For the time of the dead shall come, shall
come!

They shall stir, they shall wake, they shall
rise!

Come to Me!

Come to me, come to me, Jesus my Saviour!
 Come in the hours of anguish and grief!
 Who, who beside Thee, can strengthen and
 comfort me?
 Who, who beside Thee, can give me relief?

Come when temptations fiercely assail me;
 When faith and submission are ready to fail.
 Gently reprove me,—strongly deliver me,—
 O let Thy fainting child through Thee pre-
 vail!

Come, when I wander. Come, O my Saviour!
 Pity, O pity me! Save me from sin!
 Though I am perverse, wayward, rebellious,—
 Finish the work in me, that *Thou* didst
 begin!

Is it Sin, or is it Sorrow ?

Is it sin, or is it sorrow,
 Makes me thus so sore opprest ?
 When shall some more bright to-morrow
 Close this night of long unrest ?

Gone the light of early childhood,—
 Gone youth's strong elastic power ;
 Shall the calm repose of even
 Soothe each long and sultry hour ?

Or must still, in grief and weakness,
 Afternoon be sadly spent ;
 While at best, in patient meekness,
 'Neath the cross the heart is bent ?

Light of Life ! again outshining,—
 Cheer the long, the toilsome way ;
 Not in sorrow, not in pining,
 Let me waste life's little day.

Powerless in myself, and stricken
 Low as trusting souls can fall,
 Come to heal, to soothe, to quicken :
 Be my Peace, my Hope, my All !

“ The Lord is our God,
And we have not Forsaken Him.”

2 CHRON. xiii. 10.

Ah ! these are days of wisdom, and perilously
bright

There float new schemes and systems before
our dazzled sight !

The world is growing learned, and fain would
cast aside

All pure and simple lessons that flatter not
her pride.

But the Lord God of our fathers, lo, we have
not forsaken,

And our trust in His Inspired Word remaineth
yet unshaken.

“Lo, here is Christ!” saith one. “Lo, there!”
another cries,

“Behold the form you seek for, apart from
vain disguise!

Pure type of human nature, calm and heroic
lord,

Who may be deeply honoured, but must not
be adored.”

But the Saviour of our fathers, lo, we have
not forsaken,

And our trust in His Inspired Word remaineth
yet unshaken.

Ah, pleasant to our nature the sweet seductive
lies,

With which the great arch-tempter his work
of ruin plies;

And as a form of glory to many he appears,

When, “Know that ye are gods,” he whispers
in their ears.

But the Lord God of our fathers, lo, we have
not forsaken,

And our trust in His Inspired Word remaineth
yet unshaken.

“Peace! Peace!” the prophets mutter. But
soon across the skies
Black clouds, in quick succession, with angry
import rise ;
Till from his proud rebellion man shall sub-
missive cease,
And own his need of Christ : what has he to
do with peace ?
But the Lord God of our fathers, lo, we have
not forsaken,
And our trust in His Inspired Word remaineth
yet unshaken.

We look indeed for glory, but deem not weary
earth
To such a consummation has power to give
birth ;
Nor deem we human skill avails to build a
tower to heaven :
Our only confidence is that the cross of Christ
has given.
For the Lord God of our fathers, lo, we have
not forsaken,
And our trust in His Inspired Word remaineth
yet unshaken.

“ A Throne was set in Heaven, and One
sat upon the Throne.”

REV. iv. 2.

When the shrill blast of war is heard,
And thrones like sapling trees are shaking ;
When peace, “ like an affrighted bird,”
Her flight away from earth is taking ;—
Know that a throne is set in heaven,
One sits upon the throne.

When there is wild confusion round,
Strange discord and perpetual din ;
When vexèd with the sight and sound
Of suffering goodness, lordly sin,—
Know that a throne is set in heaven,
One sits upon the throne.

When some distressing, piercing strain,
Or maniac shout shall reach thine ear,
And thou discernest there is pain
In countless hearts thou canst not cheer,—
Know that a throne is set in heaven,
One sits upon the throne.

When weary of the ceaseless fight
With Satan and his angry host,
Or when the world, in fancied might,
A moment o'er the Church may boast,—
Know that a throne is set in heaven,
One sits upon the throne.

A skilful hand, divinely strong,
Guides the strange course of changeful years,
And it shall cause to cease, ere long,
All cause of misery and tears.
Know that a throne is set in heaven,
God sits upon the throne.

Fold Me Gently!

Fold me gently ! gently, Saviour,
Under Thy protecting wing :
In the hour of grief and danger
Let me to Thy bosom cling.
I am weary, I am weak :
Jesus ! words of comfort speak.

O, the night is chill and gloomy,
And my languid spirits fail :
Draw Thou near me, and revive me,
Lest my unbelief prevail.
I am weary, I am weak :
Jesus ! words of comfort speak.

See the tempest driving o'er me !
I can scarcely bear to hear
These loud pealings of the thunder
Sounding so distinct and near.
I am weary, I am weak :
Jesus ! words of comfort speak.

Ah! what do I now discover
Softly gleaming from afar?
Some refulgent, glorious dwelling,
Brighter than the brightest star.
I am weary, I am weak:
Jesus! words of comfort speak.

Can it be some sweet illusion?
No! Lord, 'tis Thy promise true;
And to cheer Thy weary pilgrim,
Heaven itself appears in view.
I am weary, I am weak:
Thou dost words of comfort speak.

Fold me gently! gently, Saviour,
Under Thy protecting wing,
Till to yonder home prepar'd me,
Thou dost me in safety bring.
I am weary, I am weak:
Still Thy words of comfort speak.

Jerusalem.

Our feet shall stand within thy gate,
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Though here awhile we lowly wait,
In poor and pilgrim-like estate,—
Soon shall we see thy splendour great,
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

Soon shall we hail, with joyful cry,
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thy bulwarks strong the foes defy;
But to the sons of God most high,
Thy gates of pearl wide open fly,—
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

Soon shall we walk, arrayed in white,
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

Thine inner courts, whose radiant light,
For ever excellently bright,
Shall dazzle *not* our strengthened sight,
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !

Soon shall we make thine utmost bound,
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
With songs of lofty praise resound
To Him, whose throne we shall surround,—
Thy King, with endless glory crowned,
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !

Bound for the Kingdom.

I am bound for the kingdom ! Tempt ye not
My spirit to delay ;
In this wide world there's not a spot
Where I would wish to stay.

I am bound for the kingdom ! Hopes are mine
Brighter than all below ;
I go where the glorious angels shine,
And saints made perfect glow.

I go where is waving the ever-green,
And life-bestowing tree :
No flashing sword shall intervene
To bar its fruit from me.

I go where every sound is sweet,
And every sight is fair ;
My longing heart and soul shall meet
Full satisfaction there.

I am bound for the kingdom ! Not a spot
On earth can tempt my stay ;
Ye friends beloved ! will ye not
With me too come away ?

Conflict.

Yes! Thou wilt give me victory!
My God, I know Thou wilt!
For, oh! not vainly for me
Christ bore the load of guilt.

Though hard the fight and bitter,
Its end I cannot doubt;
My light may sometimes flicker,
But shall not be put out.

I know that I shall conquer
My most besetting sin;
Where greatest is the danger,
'Tis greatest joy to win.

Behold me, then, my Father,
Girding Thine armour on;
And hasten to deliver,
Ere all my strength be gone.

The hosts of hell oppress me,
They grieve and vex me sore ;
Yet, when they most distress me,
I will but trust Thee more.

For Christ hath led to glory
Full many a trembling saint ;
And He will never leave me
By the way-side to faint.

Let me be Thine.

O God ! the world is striving
To win my heart and life :
It woos me by its pleasures,
It awes me by its strife.
Sometimes its vain enticements
Allure my soul away ;
But oh ! let me be Thine, Lord,
And never from Thee stray.

I am so weak and faithless ;
My heart is dull and cold,
And of eternal glories
It has but feeble hold.
I follow, how intensely !
The interests of a day,
But oh ! let me be Thine, Lord,
And from Thee never stray.

There are so many dangers,
So many snares around ;
Such various forms of evil
In this dark world abound !
O, blot all vain impressions
From my poor soul away,
And, oh ! let me be Thine, Lord,
And from Thee never stray !

In all that's sweet and pleasant
May I Thy mercy see ;
Let all that's great and glorious
Remind my soul of Thee ;
And everything incite me
To praise Thee or to pray,
And so may I be Thine, Lord,
And from Thee never stray.

In all that's strange,—mysterious,—
May I Thy purpose trust ;
In all that's hard and painful,
Bow meekly to the dust,—

And own Thou would'st not chasten,
Nor ever say me "Nay,"
But that I might be Thine, Lord,
And from Thee never stray.

Vouchsafe to make me holy,
And keep me to the end ;
Still let my heart beat truly
To Thee, my heavenly Friend :
Until at last arises
The everlasting day,
And then I shall be Thine, Lord,
And from Thee never stray.

We shall be Satisfied.

JER. xxxi. 14.

We are willing to be weary, for yet a little
while,

And then we shall be gladdened with our
Saviour's smile.

We are willing now in sorrow the stricken head
to hide,

For soon,—we cannot tell how soon,—we shall
be satisfied.

We are willing to be thirsty, for soon we shall
repose

Where the crystal stream of life flows on—
for ever flows.

We are willing to be tearful, for not far off
appears

The home where Christ shall wipe away the
trace of all our tears.

We are willing now to hear the storm, the
sound of beating rain,
For soon we'll be where never more shall
tempest come again.

We are willing now to struggle, to press and
labour on,
For soon the day, with all its toils and troubles,
will be gone.

We are willing now to meet and part in many
a changeful scene ;
Nor will we murmur when we lose some friend
on whom we lean.
In patience here with aching hearts we can
awhile abide,
For soon,—we cannot tell how soon,—we shall
be satisfied.

We are willing to lay down at last our bodies
in the grave,
For calm and sure our confidence in Him who
came to save.
Fair forms of strength and glory He will for
us provide,
And waking in His likeness, we shall be
satisfied.

The Holy Land!

O, for the Holy Land! where all is pure;
 Where all is perfect, and will so endure;
 Where all is glorious, and for ever fair,—
 Since sin, that marreth, cannot enter there.

The Holy Land! The Holy Land!

O, for the Holy Land! where reigneth peace;
 Within whose borders all dissensions cease;
 Where hearts are purer than the summer skies,
 And no dark clouds of doubt or envy rise.

The Holy Land! The Holy Land!

O, for the Holy Land! where all is light,—
 And glorious truth lies open to the sight;
 Where no thick mists the tree of life conceal;
 Where we shall clearly know, and rightly feel.

The Holy Land! The Holy Land!

O, for the Holy Land! where all is true :
No withered leaves the path of heaven bestrew.
The links of love for ever there hold fast ;
The union there for evermore will last.

The Holy Land! The Holy Land!

My spirit thirsteth for the Holy Land :
It craves a place amongst that happy band,
Who, robed in righteousness, without a stain,
Exult to know they ne'er shall sin again.

The Holy Land! The Holy Land!

Hope Deferred.

Why tarry the wheels of His chariot?
 Can it be that He loves us not still?
 Is He weary of earth and its troubles?
 And worn out with the tale of our ill?

Long, long!—O how long, has hope been
 deferred:

Shall the cry of the sorrowful never be heard?

Why tarry the wheels of His chariot?
 With the songs of His angels content,
 Will He leave this far spot in its anguish,
 Nor list to His people's lament?

Long, long!—O how long, has hope been
 deferred:

Shall the cry of the sorrowful never be heard?

Why tarry the wheels of His chariot?
 The shout of the wicked is loud,

And His name, meekly uttered in heaven,
Is mocked by the impious and proud.

Long, long,—Oh! how long, has hope been
deferred:

Shall the cry of the sorrowful never be heard?

Why tarry the wheels of His chariot?

Dost thou ask, O lone bride, with a sigh?

And cannot thy trustful affection

Provide a sufficient reply?

Long, long!—though so long, thy hopes are
deferred,

The cry of the sorrowful is not unheard!

The wheels of His chariot linger,

That thine may the privilege be

To worship, while others dishonour,—

To trust, while thou yet canst not see.

Long, long!—O how long, has hope been
deferred:

But thy tears are all counted, thy prayers
are all heard!

The Penitent's Place.

LUKE vii. 38.

Mine be the penitent's place,—
Low, Jesus, low at Thy feet!
Waiting Thy pardoning grace,
Waiting Thine accents sweet.

Mine be the penitent's place,
Mine be the penitent's tears,
While, with broken heart, I retrace
The sins of my bygone years.

Mine be the penitent's place,
Mine be the head bow'd down :
For I have look'd on His face,—
I have look'd, and seen no frown.

Mine be the penitent's place,
And mine the penitent's heart,
For the Saviour I embrace
With all that I have to part.

Mine be the penitent's place,—
Low, Jesus, low at Thy feet,
Till, by Thy wonderful grace,
For glory I am made meet.

Soon shall the penitent's place
Be at Thy right hand above,
With all Thy redeemed to trace
The heights and depths of Thy love.

Jubilee.

'Tis Jubilee! 'Tis Jubilee!
Ah, Christian, be not sad!
Cast off the dust and ashes,—
In robes of praise be clad.

Arise! and in the strength
Of Joy pursue thy course;
Hope in the Lord thy God is health,—
Confiding trust is force.

O think not thou that Satan
His captive shall retain;
For lo, beside thy feet,
Falls all unclasp'd his chain.

The goodly land of grace
Before thee outstretched lies :
And shall the rich inheritance
Remain an unused prize ?

O God of Jubilee! Behold,
Our eyes are fix'd on Thee !
Now let Thy happy children know
Their perfect liberty.

Is it a Long Way Off?

Is it a long way off?

Oh, no! a few more years,—

A few more bitter tears,—

We shall be there.

Sometimes the way seems long:

Our comforters all go:

Woe follows after woe,

Care after care.

Oh! brethren dear, how weak,—

How faint and weak we are!

Yet Jesus leads us far

Through tangled ways,

Into the very heart

Of this dark wilderness,

Where dangers thickest press,

And Satan strays.

But He is strong, and wise :
And we, His children blind,
Must trust His thoughtful mind
 And tender care.

So gentle is His love,
We may be sure that sight
Would show us all is right,
 And answered prayer.

'Tis no uncertain way
We tread, for Jesus still
Leads, with unerring skill,
 Where'er we roam ;
And from the desert wild
Soon shall our path emerge,
And land us on the verge
 Of our dear home.

Wings! Wings!

Wings! Wings!
Joy within me springs:
Rapt imaginings
Bear my soul away!
Fade, ye earthly things!
Heaven a lustre flings
O'er my rising way.

Wings! Wings!
Round my gladdened soul
Clouds of glory roll,
Brighter far than snow.
Light is round me spread,
Paths of light I tread,—
Now with light I glow.

Wings! Wings!
Hark! What strains I hear!
Falls upon my ear
Seraph harmony!—
Let me take my share;
This celestial air
Is not new to me.

Wings! Wings!
Cords of earth are broken!
Gates of heaven are open!—
Now my soul is free.
Brightness of the glory!
Jesus is before me!—
Only Him I see.

All Things are Yours.

Church of God, so meekly bowing,
Pale and patient in thy weeds !
O how vast are thy possessions,
Though how many are thy needs !

Poor thou art, yet untold riches
Now thy secret path surround :
All the treasures of salvation
Freely for thy use abound.

Needy, yet thou ownest heaven :
Darling thou of heaven's Lord !
Him in whom eternal glory
Concentrates, securely stored.

All that was, and is, and shall be :
All above, below, is thine ;
All the beauties of creation,—
All the works of might divine :

All the brilliancy of heaven,
All the mysteries of earth,
All the deep unfathomed blessings,
Springing from the second birth :

All the longed-for revelations,
When has passed away the night,
And the judgments of the Father
Perfectly are brought to light :

All the dazzling maze of glory,
Which time's distant prospect lends :
All the unimagined gladness,
Which thy brightest hope transcends :

All the murmurs of the river
Ever flowing from the throne :
(Life unhindered, life eternal,
Is announced in every tone.)

These, O happy Church of Jesus,
Through His gift, are ever thine !
New created, as a temple
Strong, to hold its guest divine !

Come, O day of full salvation,
When the perfect Church shall be
One bright, conscious revelation
Of her God, eternally!

Angel hosts, upon her gazing,
Varied glories shall discern,
And proclaim, with songs of rapture,
Every wonder they shall learn.

To the One great Self-Existent,
Church and angels then shall raise
One unbroken, one harmonious,
Everlasting hymn of praise.

Not Yet.

It must not be! Not yet
My home appears.
My cheeks must yet be wet
With many tears.

It must not be! My task
Undone remains.
I must not feebly ask
To miss its pains.

Farewell, enticing dream
Of near repose
Beside the crystal stream,
That soothing flows!

Welcome, a mingled life
Of gain and loss;
Welcome, a noble strife,—
A blessed cross.

For Jesus be it sweet
To work or pine.
Conflict, but not defeat,
Awhile be mine

Afar may be the rest,
But it is sure :
And meanwhile I am blest,
If I endure.

Be Still, my Soul.

Be still, my soul ;—let nothing stir
Thee from the sweet repose
Of those who to their God refer
Their joys, their cares, their woes.

Be quiet ;—why this anxious heed
About thy tangled ways ?
God knows them all ; 'tis He gives speed,
And He allows delays.

What though He let thee not perform
Some good and loved design ?
Thou wouldst not wish Him to conform
His perfect will to Thine !

My God ! the hearing ear impart,
To hear Thee tell Thy will ;
And then bestow the ready heart,
All meekly to fulfil.

Ah! How Delightful.

Lines Translated from Latin.

Ah! how delightful
Must those Sabbaths be,
Kept by the choirs above
Eternally!

To the weary what repose,
To the valiant what reward,
When all in all shall be
Jesus the Lord!

Sabbaths on Sabbaths
Follow not there;
One Sabbath shall be kept
Free from all care.

And the glad peals of song
Never shall end,
Wherein saints' and angels'
Voices shall blend.

A Calm.

Imitated from Goethe.

Upon each mountain crest
Is rest.

Hark! not a breath
Murmureth :

The bird is silent in his nest.

Wait, wait, and thou too soon shalt rest.

Beyond each mountain crest
Is rest.

Nor is a sigh
E'er heard on high,

In the fair regions of the blest.

Wait, wait, and thou too *there* shalt rest.

Aspirations.

I long for heaven! How I long to know
All that is dark and intricate below!
My thoughts embarrassed often give me pain;
Perfection's summit would I could attain!

One ray of true, celestial light,—
One glance of free, unhindered sight,—
And simple, natural and clear,
Plain, easy, open, will appear
The mysteries, that now distress
And vex my earthly littleness.

.
But when through mercy we shall reach our
home,
And fearlessly amid its glories roam,
Will not heights still above *these* heights
arise,
And mystery succeed to mysteries?

Yes, O my soul! And therefore in the
dust,
Learn thou at last humility, and trust!
Not power to sound (the thought were
blasphemy!)
The deep grand secrets of the Deity;
Not might to scale the cloud-capp'd heights
of heaven;
Not such the promise Jesus Christ has
given.

This is our glory, rightly understood,—
To know that all we do *not* know is good!
And holding still by our dear Father's hand,
To look beyond the little point of land
Whereon, as finite beings, we must stand,
And say of all around, below, above,—
" 'Tis good, 'tis perfect, 'tis the work of
love."

A Prayer.

All day and night, all night and day,
I long for Thee.
In joy or grief, O Lord my God,
Come Thou to me.

What is the world, and all its joys,
To one like me ?
It chafes and frets ; it palls and cloys ;
For I want Thee.

O what is ease, and what is wealth,
If I lack Thee ?
My soul's repose, my spirit's health,
Come Thou to me.

With thirst intense, and holy pain,
I yearn for Thee.

O God in Christ, do not disdain
To come to me.

All day and night, all night and day,
Abide with me ;
For all my life, or long or brief,
I want but Thee.

The Cypress.

Lines suggested by two English Cemeteries abroad.

Why plant the cypress ! when so calm,
So peaceful is the Christian's grave ?
Ah ! should not the victorious palm
In token of their triumph wave ?

Or shall not trees of rich perfume
Bend o'er the resting-place of youth,
To show how pleasant was their bloom
Of love, and purity, and truth ?

To spots o'er which the angels bend,
With thoughts of resurrection day,
Might not fair oleanders lend
The beauty of a southern May ?

Or plant we trees in sombre line :
That when the mourners pass away,
Of their true grief a lasting sign,
These may, in long procession, stay ?

Nay, 'tis not that the cypress shade
Spreads early darkness o'er the tomb,
And where the dearly-loved are laid
Preserve uninterrupted gloom :

We chose them not for this ; but more
Because they point to yon blue sky,
And hint, when earthly tasks are o'er,
Of rest in our dear home on high.

Fresh ever-verdant trees of life,
They circle round each "court of peace,"
And every sight and sound of strife
Without their guardian rows must cease.

Then lay our dearly-lov'd ones down
Beneath the cypress, tenderly ;
But each shall wear a golden crown,
When next their lovely forms we see.

Where is He?

Where art Thou, Jesus? In the far-off home
Where evermore the angels' songs resound?
Shall we not see Thee till we burst the chains
By which our souls to this low earth are
bound?

Where art Thou, Jesus? In the deep recess
Of philosophic thought art Thou discerned?
And is Thy name by care elaborate
And intellectual effort to be learned?

What art Thou, Jesus, but a splendid dream,
Crowning conception of long-labouring
Time?
A bright Ideal, towards which our hopes,
With strong ambition, evermore must climb?

I ask the earth to tell me what Thou art ;
And she reveals Thee weary, faint, and pale,—
A Son of man ; and yet before Thy glance
I see the storms abate, the demons quail !

I ask the heavens to show me what Thou art :
And there I see Thee throned King of kings ;
Yet, a strange outline, mid th' excessive light,—
A Lamb once slain before my vision brings.

I bow before Thee, Jesus ! Son of God !
All that lost man can need, I see Thou art.
And while Thy glory overspreads the world,
Behold, Thy dwelling is a contrite heart.

Affliction.

Seek patience, O my soul,
 When the billows o'er thee roll ;
 'Tis those who, while they weep,
 Their souls in patience keep,
 Who win the day.

Learn to be meek, my heart ;
 No longer fret and start,
 Though like a target's centre
 Where arrows thickly enter,
 Thou mayest be.

O, holy Saviour ! Thou,
 Who 'neath the cross didst bow !
 Lighten my bitter pain,
 My drooping form sustain,
 Lest I be crush'd.

Keep Thou before mine eye
 How Thou didst bleed and die :
 Show me Gethsemane.
 Teach me to say with Thee,—
 God's will be done !

A Retrospect.

I should not mourn my passing youth
If I had spent it, Lord, for Thee ;
But ah, my coldness and untruth
Are oft a bitter grief to me !

I do not mourn that mine are not
Some blessings I see others share ;
But would my soul had ne'er forgot
The joy of which it is an heir.

The friends so early called away,
I would not wish them here again ;
But would my heart had learnt to stay
More upon Thee, who dost remain.

My years crowd sail, and pass away
Before me to eternity.

How poorly freighted, Lord, are they,
With proofs of love and faith in Thee!

Oh! give me now a purer zeal;
In true contrition keep me low;
And any warmth that I may feel
By patient effort may I show.

Then, when life's little day is o'er,
I shall not mourn,—its conflict won.
The faithful servant asks no more
Then hear Thee say at last, "Well done!"

Rest.

Rest, rest from anxious thought,
 From pressing, hurrying care!
 Rest, here so vainly sought,
 So richly furnish'd *there*.
 Oh! Saviour dear, how sweet 'twill be
 To rest my weary head on Thee.

Peace, peace, a calm repose,
 No shadows hov'ring still
 Around, of coming woes:
 Peace shall each bosom fill.
 Oh! Saviour dear, how sweet 'twill be
 To be at peace, because with Thee.

Vigour and strength shall there
 In mind and spirit reign,
 No conflict then shall wear
 Me with unceasing pain.
 Oh! Saviour dear, how sweet 'twill be
 With perfect pow'rs to worship Thee.

Blessed !

O child of God ! how glorious
E'en now thy lot appears !
How happy, how victorious,
Even amid thy fears !

Safe in thy Father's keeping,
None can thy soul destroy.
Thou'rt blessed in thy weeping,
And blessed in thy joy :

Thou'rt blessed in thy labour,
And blessed in thy rest,
And in each meek endeavour
To do thy Lord's behest,—

And in thy daily sowing
The precious seeds of life,
And in thy frequent going
Through bitterness of strife.

Some flowers still are springing
 Around thy weary feet ;
Some angels, smiling, singing,
 Like Jacob, Thou dost meet.

And many a dreaded morrow
 Unfolds some sweet surprise.
Bright, through a path of sorrow
 Thy path of blessing lies.

Then in a world of glory
 At last it safely ends,
Where blessings lie before thee,
 Which every hope transcends.

Higher! Higher!

Higher! higher!
Beckon me above!
Heaven has my love!
Let me rise to heaven!
Shall I dwell in sin!
I, whose life to win,
Thy life, Lord, was given!

Higher! higher!
O it gives me pain
Lingering to remain
Mid the things below!
Saviour, speak with might!
Bid the hosts of night
Let their captive go!

Higher! higher!
Heights of holiness!
Truer righteousness
Let me now attain!
Quench these earthly fires,
Check these vain desires,
This vile self restrain.

Higher! higher!
Am I not an heir
Of glory? and I bear
Jesus Christ, Thy name!
Thy pure, holy mind!
O by grace refined
May I have the same!

Higher! higher!
Since so faint and slow,
Fluttering and low,
Ever is my flight,
Thou, O King of kings,
As on eagles' wings
Bear me up with might!

Higher! higher!
From each fowler's net,
Where I linger yet,
Let me break ere long!
Trammelled then no more,
Upward shall I soar,
With triumphant song!

Lines in Sickness.

In the still lone hours of night,
Why should I be afraid ?
God is my soul's bright light ;
My never-failing aid.

He notes each secret pain,
Each feeling of distress ;
The heart's quick beat, the mind's long
strain,
The spirit's weariness.

His eye of love is on me
Throughout each tardy hour :
He gently throws around me
The right arm of His power.

Should even death assail me,—
Last and mysterious foe,—
Since Jesus will not fail me,
Why should I dread the blow?

Lord Jesus, as I am,
I rest my soul on Thee.
Take care of Thy weak lamb
Now, and eternally.

The Life of Faith.

Translation from German.

There wanteth words to tell
How truly it is well
With those whose lives are given
Unto the Lord of heaven !

Oft e'er their lips have parted,
Their prayers have upwards started,
And quickly reached the ear
Of Him who waits to hear.

They have their pastimes sweet,
Like children, at His feet ;
And when the quick tears start,
They shed them on His heart.

When weary, He will spread
For them a quiet bed ;
And He the watch will keep,
However long they sleep.

But, at the first faint ray
Of the eternal day,
He'll call, "Awake ! Arise !"
And they shall ope their eyes.

What they shall then behold
E'en faith cannot unfold.
Methinks that they will seem
Like persons in a dream !

Dying in Christ.

Translation.

My life is hid in Jesus,
And death shall be my gain :
I'll peacefully surrender
My soul to Him again.

I joyfully shall travel
Far, far from things below,
And to my Friend and Saviour
For endless sojourn go.

Lord, when my spirit trembles
E'en as a flickering light ;
When thickly gather round me
The shadows of the night,—

O then most softly, sweetly
May I in Thee repose :
Receive my fainting spirit,—
My wearied eyelids close.

Faith and Fancy.

Ah! Faith can sweetly, loudly sing ;
And Faith can gladly, boldly soar,
When tired Fancy drops her wing,
And ventures on no more !

And Faith has colours far more bright
Then any Fancy dares to use :
Her pictures glow with heavenly light,
And ne'er their early beauty lose.

The noblest songs which Fancy sings
Are fragments of a loftier strain ;
They are but broken echoings
Of Faith, returning here again.

And sometimes Fancy's fairest dreams,
Like golden mists, the sky may hide :
But Faith, with no uncertain gleams,
To heaven will directly guide.

Hope on! Hope ever!

Hope on! Hope ever! Christian!
 Better to hope than to fear;
 With a choice 'twixt smiling and weeping,
 O why should we choose the tear?

Hope on! Hope ever! Christian!
 The clouds will clear away.
 The sun is sure to shine forth again,
 And night must lead to the day.

Some things you fear *may* happen:
 Your hopes are more secure!
 The boundless mercy of God, your Father,
 In Christ, your Lord, is sure!

Why should your heart grow dreary?
 Look up at Christ, so dear!
 As the sun leaps out from the thick, dark
 clouds,
 Then hope will re-appear!

“Hope on! Hope ever! Christian,”
Whispers the voice of the Past:
“When my waves and billows went over you,
Think how Christ’s love held you fast:”

“Hope on! Hope ever! Christian,”
Chimes in the Present’s voice:
“Countless favours I shower upon you;
Love-laden being, rejoice!”

“Hope on! Hope ever! Christian,”
Is the word the Future sends!
The voices of all the saints in glory,
In the same sweet message blends.

Hope on! Hope ever! Christian!
Let not thy light grow dim.
Hope on in thy God, thy Saviour!—
None hope in vain in Him!

Impatience.

The work is not yet done! I feel that still
Unbroken is my pride, uncrushed my will.
Alas! to tame the mighty power of sin,—
How sharp the pain, how keen the discipline.

“’Tis more than I can bear!” I oft complain;
“Too great the agony, too sharp the pain!
O, take thine hand from off me,—let me rest
Awhile in quiet in this rifled nest.

“My soul is weary of the bread of tears!
How pleasant now the worldling’s lot appears:
With dainty morsels is his table spread,
And soft as rose-leaves is his downy bed.

“But I must weep, and weep, while blow on blow,
Fainting and trembling, I must undergo.
I see no way to escape: fast bound I lie,
And from the appointed grief I cannot fly!”

Alas! what means this rash and wild complaint
Against God's merciful though stern restraint?
These chastenings show me I am not forgot:
To me He grants His children's blessed lot.

I bless Thee, Lord, that Thou dost not resign
For feeble moaning, restless prayer of mine,
Th' accomplishment of Thy so gracious will,
My future glory from my present ill.

I know Thou lovest me. Then, O, my God,
Withhold not from Thy child the needed rod!
But if repeated sorrow be my lot,
The grace to bear it, O, refuse me not!

Christmas Day in time of Sorrow.

'Tis Christmas time! and well the year should
close

With thoughts of Christ; for here there is
repose

For aching hearts, aweary of their woes.

Christ, Christ is rest!

Cease then, my spirit, thy too long repining;
No more thy hopes round earthly things en-
twining:

Taste perfect peace, in Jesus Christ reclining.

Christ, Christ is rest!

With Thee, Redeemer, would I close the year,
Whose hand has wiped off many a scalding
tear;

Whose voice has banished many a rising fear.

Christ, Christ is rest!

O, Christ, my Lord, I leave my past with Thee,
And now go forth with tranquil heart and free
To meet the future, knowing Thou wilt be
Always my rest.

And when the little year of life shall fail,
And wintry death shall leave me cold and pale,
My soul shall bid heaven's long new year "All
Hail!"

And with Thee rest.

The Pilgrim.

A TRANSLATION.

I knocked at a dwelling of lordly state,
But no one opened the lofty gate.

I knocked at the hall of the great and wise ;
But I shrank from the haughty glance of their
eyes.

I knocked at a massive palace of gold,
But its glittering portals would not unfold.

I knocked at a warm beating heart like mine ;
But fast closed and barred was the holy shrine.

I knocked at the portals dark of the tomb,
But fled appalled from the deepening gloom.

Weary footed, with lingering pace,
I sought the Saviour's dwelling-place.

The gates of mercy were soon opened wide.
In the love of God I will ever abide.

Ye footsore wanderers, worn and sad,
Come hither, and Christ will make you glad.

Disappointment.

Ecce mundus turbat, quid si tranquillus esset.—AUGUSTINE.

BY THE REV H. BONAR.

Trust not these seas again,
 Though smooth and fair ;
Trust not these waves again,
 Shipwreck is there.

Trust not these stars again,
 Though bright and fair ;
Trust not these skies again,
 Tempest is there.

Trust not that breeze again,
 Gentle and fair ;
Trust not those clouds again,
 Lightning is there.

Trust not that isle again,
Flower-crowned and fair ;
Trust not its rocks again,
Earthquake is there.

Trust not these flowers again,
Fragrant and fair ;
Trust not that rose again,
Blighting is there.

Trust not that earth again,
Verdant and fair ;
Trust not its fields again,
Winter is there.

Trust not these hopes again,
Sunny and fair ;
Trust not that smile again,
Peril is there.

Trust not this world again,
Smiling and fair ;
Trust not its sweets again,
Wormwood is there.

Trust not its love again,
Sparkling and fair ;
Trust not its joys again,
Sorrow is there.

No Disappointment.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul!"

Trust in thy Lord again,
Though all be dark.
Trust Him to come again,
And save thy bark.

Trust in His light again,—
Day Star so fair!
Trust those dark skies again,
Morn will break there.

Trust in God's grace again;
Mighty its breath.
Trust it to wake again
Spirits from death.

Trust in that isle again,—
Sweet isle of peace;
Where thou shalt rest again,
When thy doubts cease.

Trust in those flowers again,
Earnests of heaven ;
Grasp in thy hand again
All mercies given.

Trust thou in heaven again,
Beauteous and pure ;
Trust in its joys again,
Ever secure.

Trust all these hopes again,—
Sunny and fair ;
Trust Jesu's smile again,—
Safety is there.

Trust in His bride again,—
Timid but true.

Trust His dear saints again,—
Faithful though few.

Trust in His love again,—
Stedfast and fair.

Trust in His cross again,—
Gladness is there.

Peace.

Without a care, without a fear,
In Thee, O Father God, I rest!
And scarce repress a rising tear,—
By such deep happiness opprest.

O! this is joy,—to walk with Thee,
To lean confiding on Thine arm,
Which day and night encircling me,
Keeps far away all kind of harm.

'Tis not that I have done with grief,—
Sorrow and conflict oft are mine:
But I have found such sweet relief
In this eternal love of Thine!

The ships that in safe havens lie,
Little the driving tempest feel,
And as the wild wind hurries by,
Each rocks securely on her keel.

So in Thy love, O Lord my God,
I ever peacefully abide ;
And when dark trouble is abroad,
Within Thy full compassion hide.

Thus sweetly do I pass the night,
And through the darkness trace Thy form ;
But still look out for morning light,
And the deep hushing of the storm.

The Final Meeting.

Soon we shall all go to Christ, though how
or when we know not :

Soon we shall all go to Him, and see Him
in His beauty.

Then shall He give us back again the gems
we trusted to Him,—

The dear ones whom we loved so well, yet
loved so foolishly ;

Forgetting that He loved them far,—yes, bet-
ter far, than we did ;

And that He loves us better far,—yes, better
far than they did.

He shall restore each one the same,—and yet
how different !

Brighter than any vision, which fancy ever
pictured,

And radiant with the sunshine of everlasting
glory,—

Yet shall be themselves, their own sweet selves,
exactly.

Eye shall meet eye in smiles, as once in bitter
weeping ;

Hand shall clasp hand in joy, which last were
wrung in parting.

And Christ shall look upon us, rejoicing in
our gladness,

And say, as once He said of old,—“Behold,
they are my brethren !”

Hymn for a Young Person.

My God! a thousand snares unite
My inexperienced soul to invite

Away from Thee:

Yet would I fain refuse them all.

To Thee most earnestly I call,—

My portion be!

O I am young, and very weak:

E'en while the words of prayer I speak,

In thought I sin.

And how shall I, poor child, oppose

The numberless and mighty foes

Without,—within?

O Thou to whom from early years

My heart has risen, with prayers and tears,

Do not Thou leave

Thy little one,—though oft, alas!
As through this giddy world I pass,
Thy love I grieve.

Still childlike may I be to Thee!
My Father, Guide, and Teacher be;
And lead me on
To that safe, happy home above,
Whither so many that I love
Have early gone!

Like and Unlike.

Swift and bright, as a shooting star,
 O would my life might be ;
Now here, now vanishing afar,
 To worlds we cannot see.

But, oh!—unlike the shooting star,—
 I would leave some track behind,
By which a weary traveller
 The homeward way might find.

Swift and straight, as an arrow sent
 By a skill'd and skilful hand ;
So would my eager course were bent
 Towards the Heavenly Land.

But, oh!—unlike the arrow keen,—
I would not wound nor pain ;
But, with serene and loving mien,
Some souls from ruin gain.

Swift and fair, as a Southern spring,
O would my life might be !
The glorious flowers, in a few short hours,
Unfold so lovelily !

But, oh!—unlike the flowers bright,—
I would not fail nor fade ;
But in robes of white and dazzling light
For ever be arrayed.

And as the lark, with song so sweet,
Mounts to the skies above ;
Would that my soul might rise, and greet
Her longed-for Home above.

But, oh!—unlike the wearied lark,—
I'd not return again,
To find a home here, cold and dark,
But there above remain.

Above! above! where all is pure,
There would I be: there sing,
Praise, praise, to God, for evermore,
Praise, praise, to Christ, our King!

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